





[illegible]

hours in better times, was a constant terror to me.  
 It may be imagined, therefore, with what feelings I awaited the descent of the valloons who had been signalled.  
 As the cage stopped on a level where I stood with my lamp in my hand and the passengers alighted, I recognized them with feelings of downcast misery. I saw before me two persons whom of all humanity I had least wished to meet—Eve Guion and her father.  
 Had they heard of my whereabouts and come to witness my degradation? I could not tell and worldly as I believed, I was to be. I could not imagine her capable of such mean malice.  
 Who could identify the name George Grover, ci-devant gentleman? Besides I remembered that Mr. Guion was a shareholder in the Moberly mine. It was merely a slight—seeing tour, after all.  
 Two years of hardship and the growth of a heavy beard had changed my appearance so that I was sure that neither father nor daughter could possibly recognize me.  
 With strict control over myself, I could show them through the mine and disabuse them none the wiser. Now that they had come too, I was glad of the opportunity of seeing the woman that I loved—still loved—once more.  
 I stepped confidently forward, therefore, and introduced myself as the guide, John Wallace. Eve looked at me closely, but I thought, only with the consciousness of curiosity as to the looks of a man whose life was spent underground.  
 My head swam and my heart beat thick and loud as I stood before her—more beautiful because more serious and womanly than when we had been intimate two years before.  
 I noticed that her face was a little paler, and there was a look of sadness in it that was new to me.  
 The reason I had spent in wretchedness, then, had not been wholly free from sorrow for her. Now of course I could not have such a notion never entered my mind.  
 "Have you been here many years?" she asked as we were preparing to ascend the galleries.  
 "Years enough, madame, to know by mine thoroughly," I answered evasively.  
 Mr. Guion looked at me inquiringly.  
 "You speak like a man of education, my good fellow," he said. "Do they not men of your stamp in these positions here?"  
 "The men of my stamp have few claims which the world is bound to respect," I answered briefly. "You are here to sit the mine. Be kind enough to follow me."  
 "My father will have more than enough to do to guide his own steps," said Eve, coming to my side and placing her hand on my arm. "I must trust to your gallantry, Mr. Wallace."  
 I made no reply, but wondered if, woman as she was, she had no far-away hammer beat of the cause of that sledgehammer beating of my heart under her.  
 We remained in the galleries two hours—more than twice as long as was necessary to their thorough inspection. The old man was growing impatient, but the gloomy pits and chambers seemed to have an unaccountable fascination for Eve Guion.  
 She loitered on one pretext or another, until I began to fear that I must have betrayed my identity to her quick eye.  
 Her face had grown strangely sad and her actions, I saw, too, that when she thought herself unobserved she had watched my face intently. Had she detected me, and was she seeking an opportunity to make her discovery known without betraying me to her father?  
 I determined that she should not accomplish her design. I knew very well that I should lose my self-control, all my love, bitterness and despair would burst out in a torrent.  
 Therefore was careful to avoid being alone with her for a moment. And I soon saw that I had guessed aright. She was endeavoring to separate me from her father, that she might speak to me.  
 But I foiled her quietly and skillfully, and as there was no longer the shadow of a pretext for remaining, she finally prepared to depart.  
 As we entered the upper level we passed the dark opening of a disused chamber which I had deemed useless to visit.  
 Eve's eye caught sight of it.  
 "Here's a chamber we have not seen."  
 "No, madame," I interposed. "It is so long unworked. The water has broken into it twice, and it is considered dangerous."  
 "I mean to see it, at all events," she replied. "Father, wait for us here. Mr. Wallace will not refuse to guide me, I am sure."  
 She cast a strange unguessed look at me, which said almost as plainly as words:  
 "I know you, Wallace Grover, and I mean to speak to you in spite of your caution."  
 Then she entered the chamber.

The moment I put my foot in the water, my senses, trained by long experience to note the varying phases of the weather, detected a hint of the coming danger.

There was a faint rumbling in the bowels of the earth. The air was close, and had a taint of electricity in it, similar to that which precedes a thunder storm. There was a purely electric ring in the mine, but how and whence it would come I could not guess.

I turned to urge my sisters to a hasty retreat. I caught sight of some of the women of wet earth dropping from the wall near at hand, following by a jet of water. Then I knew what was coming.

"Out! Out for your lives," I cried, springing towards the wall. "The water is bursting into the mine. Ring for the cage and give the alarm!"

The old man needed no second warning. With a cry of terror he sprang out of the chamber, and the next moment I heard him give the alarm. The women, the shouting and trampling, the escaping men, I knew if I could hold the water in check for ten minutes I could save the life of every one of them. As for my own—we, one life, dead that a useless one, for a hundred fathers of families.

When I first saw the jet it was no longer than a man's finger; but in a moment it had enlarged to the size of my arm, and a heavy stream of water began to pour into the chamber.

There was no apparatus at hand, nothing but our sea-bags to check it. I knew.

A happy inspiration came to me. With a Titanic effort I managed to restrain my arm into the fissure, and for the time being I succeeded in checking the leak.

Then, with my arm in the wall, I turned half round to the opening of the chamber, and there, to my horror, stood Eric Guion. I saw that her face was very pale, but grim and self-possessed.

"What are you doing here?" I cried. "This place will be full of water in five minutes."

"What are you doing here?" she asked, quietly.

"My duty," I replied. "I am trying to hold this stream in check until the men escape."

"Then you will be drowned!" she exclaimed.

"What of that? Better one than a hundred. But go," I entreated.

"I tell you you have only a bare chance to get out, as it is. The water is pressing harder every moment. It will soon be too much for my strength."

"Then I will stay and help you," Wallace said in a strange, gentle voice.

"Ah, you know me?" I cried.

"I have known you from the moment I entered the mine. I came here to see you."

"To taunt me with my poverty," I cried. "When your father turned me away from your door, when I became an outcast and wretched, I thought I had the right to hide my misfortune from your eyes."

"It is because my father used you so brutally that I am here," she said. "I would blame Wallace. I knew nothing of it until you were gone. Since then I have tried to learn of your whereabouts in order to let you understand my feelings. It was only yesterday that I heard of John Wallace in the Machinery mine, and on the bare chance of identifying him at Wallace Grover, I influenced my father to bring me here."

"Well," said I sorrowfully. "It is too late to think of the past now. Go, Eric, Go, and keep poor John Wallace's secret. It will soon be over with us."

"You persist in remaining here?" she asked.

"I must," I said. "I should be a coward and a wretch to desert my post now."

"Then," she replied, very quietly. "I will stay with you."

"Why," I asked, amazedly. "Are you jesting with me?"

"Can I jest with death, Wallace, or love?"

Then, before I could comprehend the words, she came to my side, as I lay with my back against the wall, and putting her arm around my neck drew my cheek down into hers.

"It is hard to die so young, Wallace," she said sweetly, "but it would be harder to live without you. In the hour of death, my dear, we can dispense with falsehood. I know that you have loved me many years, and I have returned your love. If we have met again only to die, death at last cannot separate us."

And then, death staring me in the face—two brief minutes of—I have never known a happier moment in my life.

As I stood there with my arm in the fissure, and the blood surging into my head, and all my muscles straining with the effort to keep my position, I knew nothing more than that I felt the heart of the woman I loved beating against my own, her warm, young life, touching mine in the wall and sending a thrill of life and love and courage into mine.

The consciousness of her position rushed upon me again.

"No, no," I cried. "You must not do. Go live, my darling—live now!"

There was a solemn silence till upon us.  
I could tell they were nearly all asleep,  
I could tell by their distant shouts.

The early was breaking away  
around my arm, and the water was already  
nearly two feet deep upon the  
chamber floor. I could hear the sibilant  
strains roaring more threateningly  
in the bowels of the mine. An  
outraged pound of pressure, and I would  
be flung down, and the chamber would  
close.

Then came the great desire of life,  
How could I hear to have my  
survivor joy so suddenly shrouded in the  
ground?

The sounds of the escaping mine  
had ceased. If we could get the cage down  
some more minutes, we might perhaps  
escape after all. I explained my hopes to  
Eve.

"But," said I, "rings for the cage."  
It will hold on here a moment longer.  
If we can reach it we are safe."

I was silent there at my perilous  
moment—she feared I meant to deceive  
her in escaping while I remained be-  
hind; but she divined my intention.

With a quick movement she seized  
the light, lifted her skirts and ran  
through the water out of the chamber.  
The next thirty seconds seemed like  
hours.

I desperately held my own against  
the water while every vein seemed  
bursting with the strain. I heard the  
ring for the cage, heard the slowly  
descent there at my perilous mo-  
ment—I was alone! My eyes were un-  
lame, I hung down as by a giant's hand.

There was a roar and a rush as  
of a Niagara, and with a whirl of  
flights and faces, a chaos of confusion  
and terror, I struck up to life.

When I struggled back to me,  
many days, I was far from the Malabar  
mine. I was no longer Jobu Wabancy,  
gauge-master, but Wallace Grover,  
gentleman. I was in my father's house.

My old servants were around me,  
and, like a lady who worked a won-  
derful transformation, seer Eve Gue-  
non was the predominant angel of the  
scene.

My affairs had been settled with my  
creditors very much more to my benefit  
than I had imagined could be possible.  
My ancestral house and a modest com-  
petency were still left to me.

This, too, was the work of Eve  
Gue-non, whose love and faith in me had  
never faltered in all my wretchedness in  
exile, and whose strong will had drawn  
comfort and happiness for me out of  
days of sorrow.

If Mr. Gruyer objected to the turn  
my life was taking, he held the scales  
to offer no fruitless opposition to his  
daughter's inclination.

**Cocoon Shells as Spice.**

"What do you do with your cocoon shells?" asked a recent reporter of a prominent candle manufacturer. "Sell them to be made into pepper," said he; and the aroused curiosity of the reporter was not quited by his statement that the shells were really ground and used by spice men to adulterate pepper and other of their wares. Further investigation showed up that a factory where the shells are ground up is in Candour, and is a one-story brick building, the capacity of the mill being about two tons of ground shells per day. The shells are brought to the factory in bags and deposited in the roasting department where they are heated and put in great revolving ovens which are constantly kept turning over beds of blazing coal. Some of the shells are roasted to light brown, while others come out crisp and black. After being carefully sorted, the dark shell depart- ment is put in hoppers in the grinding department and reduced to a fine powder, like pepper. The brown shells are not ground so finely, and come from the mill looking exactly like ground coffee. This Candour factory is said to have been in operation for about a month. The shells cost very little, and the milling is done at an expense of about 2 or 2½ cents per pound.

A representative of a leading spice house, in speaking of this novel propo- sition, said that while his house had not used it, he supposed it was a harmless adulteration for spices. "We have our own method of adulteration," said he, "and sell to the trade probably more adulterated goods than pure ones. Our part help it. There is no pretense on our part that the lower grades of spices are pure. We simply sell the retailer what he wants. We sell them spices at almost any figure. Pepper, for in- stance, as low as eight and nine cents, but it is about as usual something else as it is pepper. It would ruin the trade to prohibit adulteration, and, besides, the adulteration has long since grown to supply the United States alone if nothing but pure spices were sold. We are constantly making ex- tensive use of adulterating material." Philadelphia Record.

Nonsense, the hint that any minister is likely to get into trouble from ordaining parish visits, because he is so apt to let himself be taken home. Let him only behave with self respect, reserve and dignity and he needs no accident

**SOMETHING ABOUT FORESTRY WORTH KNOWING.**

The editor of the New England Homestead, after visiting the Shaker community at Enfield, Conn., published the following interesting facts on the subject:

"There is in New England a great deal of light, plain land, as well as comparatively inaccessible bilislands, which are so well cultivating and yet should not be allowed to remain idle. Elder Homer Pease of the north family of Shakers has appreciated the truth of this statement for years. He has carried out this doctrine, too, and of his 1500 acres this 200 are now in young, thrifty white pine, all sowed by his own hand. He has tried every way of planting—by ploughing and harrowing in, barrowing in on the soil, and other ways of experience he found better than merely sowing the seed on the turf in the spring. It was invariably get a good start and do well when thus planted, so matter how hard the soil. Eight to ten quarts of seed per acre are sown. One lot of sandy land sowed in 1869 now has a dense growth 12 to 16 feet high. The seeds do best when sowed in the early spring."

"How do you obtain the seed?"

"Ah, that was what it took me a long time to find out. And it took me a long time to find out what I have told you about seeding with pine." "You started getting the seed. You know the pine seed is borne in cones. Well, along in September the squirrels gnaw off these cones and they fall to the ground to make the winter store of food for the squirrels. In a good fruiting year the cones will be found under the pines very thick. We go into the woods with a cart and pick them up, getting a load in half a day with good luck. The cones are spread out to dry on the floor of a shed or spare attic. We leave them there till sometime in winter, and then we fork them out not much more than for sale or for use. They don't rattle out very easily. Then we rake out of the cones and sweep up the seeds, and put 'em in bags for future use. The pine seeds can be struck well only once in three years. Some trees will seed well during years that other trees will not. This ought to be a good bearing year with our trees, but I'm afraid it won't be. The early frost's fall seems to have affected them."

**The Lime-kill Club.**

"What I was going to remark," began the old man as he took an undesignated trotter from his mouth and placed it on a corner of his desk, "was to let effect that it was none of our business to stop at such trifles as the fact of stones at our dog or loss of oyster-canoe over our fiances. One grieves because of so much unhappiness arising from de lack dat sartin people want to know all about sartia odder people. Frustiance, Deacon Turner's wife runs over to my house 'an' tells my wife dat Elder Dorker's wife has got a new bonnet dat neber cost less dan \$12. De Elder am working on a straight salary of \$8 per week, 'an' he has a wife 'an' a child's salary. How kin he save up \$12 on sich a salary as dat? He would if he wite dat neber dat no!" "At what chekkin dat pool?" "He's out in de street yit, 'an' he's got no ride on de street car; yit one a week to flum out in dat manner. Do women not eat 'an' talk 'an' wonder 'an' git mad 'an' want ter pull hair, 'an' I slip out one a week to pullin' weeds in de garden. It's nobody's bizness how shee dat bout, 'an' yit some folks feel sick because they can't find out."

"My ole woman goes down town to tress three towels wid a red bol'er, a spoon of No. 60 white thread, 'n' half a yard of lincie to make me some cuffs. She am as pleasant as a June wintim when she starts out, but when she reaches home, she looks like hell, 'an' she says, 'She peens me up in a co'nor 'an' demands to know how de gals who stau behin' de 'co' counters fur three, five, six dollars a week lin' yuh bod 'an' washin' 'an' dress in silk 'an' satins. I can't tell,' 'an' de less I know 'bout it I nadder she, 'an' hime hy der causes a climax 'an' somebody gets hurt. Ef a gal kin make fo' dollars a week, ef a galder dan a kinnus or yoke twinty, dat's none o' my bizness or yo' honesty, dat's none o' yo' wisdom, nor yo' woman's sense, from her help. I'll say dere dat de Judge's hired gal had jine 'em notice dat she was about to go to de Beauty on her annual six weeks' vacation. Mrs. Garbol was hoppin' mad, but I was as cool as a red-hot crows' nest. Why shouldn't a hired gal want to go to de kentry 'an' have a rest from breakin' dishes and kickin' dhwass around de kitchen? It improves her complexion, breaks up her form, shapes her features, dresses up her face, 'an' here yit a millionaires! Ef de Judge's hired gal can't afford to go, dat's nauffa to do with de servant."

"Mrs. Kernal Dash was xinin' yit ne woman only las' night o' she couln't hunt her up in a seamstress where he kind 'an' alought her to de a few days before de wedding. His dia sin de season when de poo' overworked 'n' half paid seamstresses packs her trunk, draws her money from de drawers, 'an' gives her de change for de benefit of de ozezan 'an' the

In this cast engaged?" he asked of the prettiest girl in the car, and finding it wasn't, he put his sample-bottle in the sack and braced himself for solid enjoyment.

"Pleasant day," said the girl, coming for him before he could get his tongue untied, "most bewitching day, isn't it?"

"Yes, m's., yes," stammered the drummer. He was in the habit of playing pitcher in this kind of a match, and the position of father didn't fit him as lightly as his pantsdoes.

"You're a good fellow," he continued the girl, "much nicer than when it was cold. Are you perfectly comfortable?"

"Oh, yes; yes; thanks!" murmured the drummer.

"Glad of it," returned the girl cheerfully, "but you don't look so. Let me put my shawl under your head, would you? Hadn't you rather sit next to the window, and have me describe the land scapes to you?"

"No, please," he muttered, "I—I don't need well enough."

"Can't I buy some peanuts, or a book? Let me do something to make the trip happy! Just see I slip my arm around your waist! Suppose I reward a couple of you, so I can!"

"You'll—you'll have to excuse me!" gasped the wretched drummer. "I don't think you really mean it!"

"You look so tired," she pleaded, "wouldn't you like to rest your head on my shoulder? No one will notice. Just lay your head right down and I'll tell you stories."

"Oh, yes, thanks! I won't thank you. I am very comfortable, thank you!" and the poor drummer looked up at her and the poor drummer looked up at her.

"Your scarf-pin is coming loose. Let me fix it. There!" and she arranged it delfy. "At the next station I'll give you a cup of tea, and when we arrive at our destination you'll let me call you a name," and she smiled an anxious prayer right up into his pallid countenance.

"I think I'll go away and smoke," said the drummer; "but heading down grinnish, he gave for the door, knee deep in the grins showed around him by his fellow-passengers.

"I'll be waiting for the girl to get the lady in the car," he said, "I only did him just what he was making ready to do to with me, and big and strong as he is, he couldn't stand it. I recall that woman have stronger stomachs than men, and besides that, there isn't any smoking-car for them to fly to for refuge. I don't understand this thing."

But she settled back contentedly, the same; and at a convention of drummers, held in the smoker the morning, it was unanimously resolved that she was engaged, so far as they were concerned, for the balance of the season.

**Melancholy with Millions.**

The most melancholy-looking house on all Fifty Avenue—and there are some very melancholy-looking dwellings on that fashionable thoroughfare—is the one occupied by the widow of A. T. Stewart. It stands there cold and silent;—never a certain raised a quarter of an inch. Sometimes at night one sees a gleam of light struggling through a window, as though it longed to get out of that awful gloom.

Inside the house is as cold and uninviting as it is out. A man is a lonely figure in the curtained hall, leaning on his cane, and looking down at his badge on his coat, guards the household. Coming upon him suddenly, you feel that you have got into an undertaker's establishment, and the silent rosewood doors, looking like a very coffin standing on end, do not lessen the illusion. Her millions do her good. She would be a great deal happier if her income was only \$200,000. There she might be free to mix among her kind. I often think how those millions would fly were she another sort of creature. As she is, she has no wants at all, and is content to sit all day in her bed-room, with its gloomy painted walls and homely photographs in oval frames. If she cared for pictures there is the gallery at the back of the house, containing a number of art treasures and a great many duds. But she never goes in there, and cares less for the costly canvases than she does for the old-fashioned portraits that hang by long red cords in her bath-room. She can imagine no happier life than her own. From personal observation we gather that in England the crop is comparatively a failure; in France a poor half crop is calculated upon; in Germany one-third crop only; in Holland only half a crop; and in Belgium not half a crop—thus the prospects were never more favorable for shipments from America to England than they are this year. The American people

The other day a patent was recorded to Miss Fannie Wright of Louisville, Miss. The "device" is a "ironing pan," and is described as follows: "From the front of Adam and Eve's mac-daddies (and Chinamen) have used when (ironing a saucer turned bottom side up, an old horse shoe, an oyster can, or a hundred and one other contrivances to place the hot iron upon while turning a garment, or when wishing to lay down the iron for a moment on the ironing-boards came into use, unhandful and costly were and are the contrivances. But, as said and as known to be sorrow, these ironing-boards cannot be distributed without up-selling the iron and stand, thereby, endangering, among other things, the lives of children and thus befell the children. These young ladies hit upon the idea of making an iron pan, to be sunk into the board, and thus keeping stationary, being of such depth as to hold the iron safely while the iron is twined the board in whatever direction desired, and provided an arrangement for the making of the utensil, which is a patent being immediately issued to them. The idea of the thing was suggested by having witnessed several accidents among the servants.

The young ladies are cousins, Miss Wright being from Louisville, and Miss present with Miss Egelein, at the latter home. Morris street, Walnut Hills. Boys are known for their beauty and accomplishments. They received an offer of \$5000 for their invention the day after their patent was obtained. This they refused, and considered an arrangement for the making of the utensil, which will give them a liberal profit. It is a simple iron mould, one inch deep, six inches long, and five inches wide. There are flanges running across the sides, so that one simply has to cut a hole in the ironing-board, insert the plate and screw it fast through the flanges. The bottom is perforated, so that it will not become over-warm.—[Cincinnati Commercial.

**Hubbell vs. Sallie Blinn et al.**

It appears that the person who furnished Hubbell with the list of employees of the Philadelphia Post Office was conscious that he wrote the name of all individuals supported in any way by the Government, and, as the official, named Sallie Blinn, is fed at the public expense, Sallie, says the New York Herald, received the customary appeal for funds to help prepare, print and circulate the suitable document desired, and the issue which was before the Republican party from any other source. The amount was not specified, but as a percent, is the proper thing, and Sallie only property consists of occasional kites, the estimable female, if she has the chance at heart, must be somewhat troubled to know how to contribute. An ordinary cat can safely count on about ten kites a year, but two per cent. of this total amounts to but one-fifth of one kite, and how to send this by bank check, draft or postal money order, as requested by the circular, would perplex the intellect of a cat.

Sallie might forward her one-fifth as a cat in a registered letter, but in such a case while hot weather lasts, her offering would hardly be sale even and the assurance given by the circular, "such voluntary contributions" will not be objected to in any official quarter," for Hubbell and his associates blackmailers are not as lacking in conscience as in conscience. It is to be feared that Sallie will have to make friends with some one more able to be useful to the party of moral ideas, unless she can get on the payroll as a ratcatcher, at fixed salary, payable in retrospect.

There are some deeds which ought to be kept forever like white lies in a box. One of these is the one it occurred in Newport, Md. A colored man died of smallpox, and in the same room with the body were the wife and two children, all ill with the same disease. Did the people of a christian community try to say that the victims were properly attended and properly buried who died? Well, they had religion enough to last through the Sunday, but not enough to sprinkle over the rest of the week. Each person seemed to be minding his own affairs that he had no time to pay into those of his neighbors who were in the house to offer either services or delicacies. No one did. Yes, there was a single exception, minister who believed in practicing what he preached. The Rev. J. A. Cunningham, and it is with great hesitation we add that he was a Roman Catholic priest, took a coffin into the cabin with his own hands placed therein the least of some corpse, carried the burden away to a house where which served as a hearse, and then returned to the cemetery, where he buried his dead. Some times we think that even a Catholic may be a good man, then again on prejudicial returns, and we don't know. But now that a liberal spirit has taken once taken possession of us, we wanted to say bluntly that whether that pastor was a Catholic or Protestant he was most certainly a Christian and a good man.

[illegible]

A long, narrow, vertical strip of aged, yellowed paper, likely a bookmark or a piece of parchment, showing significant wear, discoloration, and a rough, irregular edge. The paper is set against a dark, textured background.







1874

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